

FUNERAL SERVICES CONDUCTED

FOR

A. W. BATEMAN

on

August 5, 1941,

in

Midvale, Utah
Second Ward

Opening Song:
(By the Relief Society Sisters)

O MY FATHER

O my Father, Thou that dwellest
In the high and glorious place
When shall I regain Thy presence,
And again behold Thy face?
In Thy holy habitation,
Did my spirit once reside;
In my first primeval childhood,
Was I nurtured near Thy side?

For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth,
Yet oft times a secret something
Whispered, "You're a stranger here;"
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere.

I had learned to call Thee Father,
Thro' Thy Spirit from on high;
But until the Key of Knowledge
Was restored, I knew not why.
In the heav'ns are parents single?
No; the tho't makes reason stare!
Truth is reason, truth eternal
Tells me I've a Mother there.

When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then, at length, when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you.

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Invocation:

(By Brother B. A. Rasmussen
a Member of the Bishopric)

Our Eternal Father, we pray today that Thy Spirit of peace and courage may be with those who sorrow. We pray that our hearts may be turned unto them, that as we sit here that we may portray the true meaning of the Christ--that our desires may be one, that we may share our sorrows with our friends.

Father, Thou hast told us, when our trials and tribulations and our problems of life become too great to bear, and we feel that we cannot carry them, Thou hast asked us to call unto Thee for deliverance from these loads. So, today we meet here and ask that Thou will not forget Sister Bateman and her family in their hour of need.

So today as we assemble here and join with her in her sorrow, we are praying for her, that every blessing she may need may be given to her. Father we pray that her every want and need may be given unto her.

Father today, in as much as we have met upon this occasion to pay our respects to those who sorrow, bless those who shall take part on the program, that they may offer words of comfort and courage to those who mourn.

We further ask Thee to bless Sister Sophie. Give unto her the help for which she has asked, wisdom and strength that she shall be able to carry the burden alone. We pray that Thy Spirit will be showered upon her. That the promises offered to the faithful will be answered in her behalf. That she may have the Power of Thy Spirit to raise her family, and Father we pray that the same love that has existed in the past may continue, that they may have the desire to cleave one to another and to love one another in the future as they have in the past.

Praying for all of us, that when the time comes to lay our life upon the Alter of sacrifice, that we may receive a welcome into Thy Kingdom, asking these blessings, kind Father, we do it in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

First Speaker:

(Bishop Robert Schmid)

My Brethern and Sisters, I deem this an honor to say a few words on this occasion, though sad it is, and I pray our Heavenly Father to bless me that I may be able to say the things which you would have me say and that the beautiful prayer that was offered and the song that was rendered may be verified within me now, that I will be able to do my part this day, on this last occasion in paying homage and reverence, and paying a tribute to our dear nephew, Brother Bateman, and also to say a few words in regard to Sister Sophie, our niece, who has been a faithful companion to Brother Batemen, all through these many long years.

I first knew Brother Bateman, along about 32 or 33 years ago, he was then out in the open country, tending flocks, a thing that he used to love to do--to be out with sheep, cattle and horses. He loved the outdoor life, as many of our early pioneers enjoyed living. I wish, in the course of time, to read a little poem that President Ivans gave to us a few years ago, depicting the life of just such men as Brother Bert was, and President Ivans and many of our presiding men were.

About twenty-seven years ago, when I was called to preside over the Bern Ward, as Bishop, shortly after my return from a Mission in Germany and the Eastern States, Brother Bateman and wife and children were members of our little Ward in Bern. I noticed that Bert didn't come to our meetings as often perhaps as we thought he ought to, and would have liked to have him. So, one day I asked him why he didn't come out more. He said:

"Uncle, Rob, I'm afraid if I would come out you would call upon me."

I said to him, "Well, I will make you one promise, that if you will come to meeting, I won't call on you until you find you are ready yourself."

He came to meeting and sat and listened Sunday after Sunday, and before long he said to me one day, "Uncle Rob, I believe I could take part now."

Well, you know, that was a happy moment in my life, to know that we had influenced his life that way, and he did take part in everything. We asked him to preside

over the Young Men's Organization. He was our first Scoutmaster in Bern. He was a boy's man, just a fine fellow, and we were happy and glad to have him work along with us that way. I would like to read the poem in depicting the life of this good man, Brother Bateman. President Ivans is said to have spent half of his life in the saddle with sheep and cattle and horses, this is what he says:

"I, too, became a tender of flocks and herds, first for others and later for myself, and it was under these circumstances, in constant contact with men of like occupation, that the ideals and aspirations which have governed my life were formed. They were men of few words, these silent riders of the hills and plains, men of unsurpassed courage, but with hearts as tender as the hearts of women, where acts of mercy and service were required, as was often the case. Profoundly religious they held in reverential aspect the religion of others. Not many audible prayers were said by them but when the day's work was finished and the blankets spread down for the night, many petitions went up to the Throne of Grace in gratitude for blessings received and others desired.

One day a man put his thoughts into verse and this is what he said:

THOUGHTS IN VERSE

O, Lord, I've never lived where churches grow,
I love creation better as it stood
The day you finished it so long ago,
And looked upon your work and called it good.

I know that others find you in the light
That's sifted down through tinted window panes
And that I too have found you near tonight
In this dim quiet twilight on the plains.

I thank thee, Lord, that I am placed so well
That thou has made my freedom so complete
That I'm no slave of whistle, clock or bell,
Or weak-eyed prisoner in a walled-up street.

Just let me live my life as I've begun
Give to me work that's open to the sky
Make me a partner to the wind and sun,
And I'll not ask a place that's soft or high.

Let me be easy on the man that's down
Let me be free and generous with all
I'm careless, Lord, sometimes when I'm in town,
But never let them call me mean or small.

Make me big and open, like the plains on which I ride,
Honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rain,
Free as the hawk which circles down the breeze.

Forgive me Lord, when sometimes I forget;
You know the reasons which are hid
You know about the things which gall and fret,
You know me better than my mother did.

Just keep an eye on all that's said and done,
Just right me always when I turn aside
And guide me on the long, dim trail ahead,
Which stretches upward toward the Great Divide."

We sorrow today with Sister Bateman and her family and the parents on both sides and all concerned. I know that there are many of you here today that have gone through these fiery trials yourselves. Therefore, you are here to offer your sympathy and your kind feelings in this hour of need.

I am told that the family here has scores and scores of kind friends and we are all happy to know that. We are just as happy as can be and appreciate the same and thank you people for all you have done in behalf of this good family, and I am sure that Brother Bert and his wife have in part, perhaps, done something to bring these blessings upon them now. They are blessed. There is no greater blessing that can come to mortal man than the blessing of a good friend in time of need. Sometimes we miss calling for or bringing out true friendship in men and women, boys and girls, because we don't put ourselves out enough perhaps, and let me read another short poem in this regard, which I am sure you will all appreciate.

"DISCOVERING A FRIEND

If sorrow never happened and trouble never came
The only thing you'd know about your neighbor is his name.
If all your days were bright and fair and certain was your
place,

You'd only know a fellow by the features of his face.
Acquaintances upon this earth are all you'd ever own
If care had always passed you by and grief you'd never
known.

Time was I used to nod to one who lived across the way.
I knew his name and he knew mine; we passed the time of day.
But nothing did he mean to me and nothing I to him
Until one morning sorrow came and all my world was grim.
I saw his face, I felt his hand, and knew he'd come to lend
The strength I needed, and right then I found I had a friend.

'Tis not in sunshine friends are made, but when our skies
are gray;

The splendid souls that men possess are never on display.
We cannot tell what lies behind the hasty nod or smile
Or what of worth will come from it in just a little while.
We only know that when we face the cares that life must send,
We realize the passer-by has changed into a friend."

I am told that so many of you kind friends have time and
time again ministered unto their needs, and we appreciate
it. We all do, with them.

Brother Bateman has suffered a lot. That is one thing we
regret, isn't it? In the sufferings of our loved ones,
our fathers, mothers, wives, husbands and children, when
we see them suffer day in and day out, twenty-four hours
of a day spent in suffering, and we can't do much for
them, or scarcely anything, but through these sufferings
we are told that we gain our exaltation, and before we
left our Father above, we made promises to him that if
we could come to this earth, that we would undergo all
the sorrows that He would have us undergo, in order to
fill the measure of our creation, and that should the
Lord himself call upon us to go through these fiery
trials we would willingly, if He would only let us come
to this earth.

Brigham Young says this, in the early years when our people sacrificed a great deal in the Missions of the earth through persecution, families were separated, fathers and mothers came ahead of children into Zion, children before parents, as the case may have been, there was sorrow in these parting scenes, and when they came here, they were tried. Our parents, being foreigners, had to learn the language, new customs, new ways of life, which it was hard for them to do, and they suffered a great deal. Many of them suffered death on the plains. Brigham Young says this:

"The time will come when the people will look back on their first experience, and they will realize that that which they now consider hardship was their greatest blessing. They are called to leave their homes, their parents, their families, and their native country. They are called away by the providence of God to what they now consider to be sorrow; but it is not so; it is only an experience put into the possession of the Saints, that they may know the blessings of eternity. There is no being in eternity about whom we have ever read or heard, but what has suffered in like manner as we have, for it was by suffering they had to gain their exaltation, as you and I will have to do."

I believe we all coincide with him, we agree with him, although it is hard to see our loved ones suffer, but it is for some purpose.

Some are not blessed with riches of this world, because we would lose the Spirit of the work, and if that is what needs be, I have often said to my family, I will sooner delve in poverty all the days of my life, than to lose the spirit of the Gospel.

Brothers and Sisters, I do not wish to take any more of your time. I pray God to bless Sister Bateman and her children. And I trust that the wonderful prayer that was offered in the home before leaving, will have its desired effect upon the family, and above all that Sister Bateman may be comforted in this hour of need, and I am sure she will.

Brother Bateman was a fine man. I have labored with him, worked with him, rode with him, slept with him, ate with him, time and time again, and they say to know a man you must eat with him, work with him and be with him. So, I feel that we have lost one fine man, a good Father, a good Husband, and kind Friend, and I hope and pray that all will be well with the family. I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Vocal Solo:
(Brother Mark Hall)

I COME TO THE GARDEN ALONE

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses,
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear,
A Son of God discloses.
And he walks with me and he talks with me
And he tells me I am his own
For the joys we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

He speaks and the sound of his voice,
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing
And the melody that he gave to me
Within my heart is ringing.
And he walks with me and he talks with me
And he tells me I am his own
For the joys we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

I stay in the garden with him
Though the night around me be falling,
But he bids me go, through the voice of woe,
His voice to me is calling.
And he walks with me and he talks with me
And he tells me I am his own
For the joys we share as we tarry there,
None other has ever known.

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Second Speaker:

(Brother Bateman from West Jordan. Patriarch of the Stake.)

I pray my Brethern and Sisters, that the few moments that I occupy this afternoon, I may enjoy the sweet influence that has prevailed here in this audience since we gathered here, and that I will be able to say something that will reach into the hearts of those who are called upon to sorrow at this time, and help them to remember in the future and to bear the trials and tribulations that are being brought to them, through the loss of their Father and Husband.

I think probably it would be impossible for me to go into detail and give you any extended ideas in relation to my association with this man, whose body lies here in the casket, because I am about the same age as his Father, his Father is a little older than I am. We were raised together as boys and like brothers more than like just relatives, because when we were boys, our parents were scattered, they were not closely associated like they are today, so far as their homes are concerned, and though we were not blessed with the facilities that we have at the present time for getting together, they got together and we lived in each others homes. His mother was my Aunt, and she was like my Mother. If I went there and was hungry there was always a piece of pie or a piece of cake, or something there for the boys when they came in. There was quite a group of us in each family.

My Father came to this Country in 1850. My grandfather and Grandmother were acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo. My Grandfather was associated closely with him there. My Grandfather was one of those who brought the first goods to this Country, with ox teams, after the Latterday Saints came to the valleys of these mountains, and this man's Grandfather, Samuel Bateman, was one of the men who were chosen to go and help to protect the Saints, when the government sent an army up here to take possession of their property and to drive them further than they had been driven.

Even though they were just a few men, a small group, I have heard many of them tell of the wonderful things that happened on that occasion, which gave them a strong testimony, that God was with them and protected them and helped them so that they could preserve their lives and remain in the valleys of the mountains.

He was a man of faith and confidence, and raised two families and instilled in those two families a love of God, a love of honor, of integrity and truth, and doing his own work well. He has transmitted that to his children in his time, and I shall try to read just a little thought for them:

Suppose today were your last day on earth
The last mile in the journey you've trod
After all of your struggles, how much are you worth
How much can you take back to God.

Don't count your possessions of silver or gold
When going you leave them behind
For all that is yours to have and to hold
Are the blessings you've given mankind.

I don't know who the author is of those words, but they are splendid and appeal to me.

I have been in close contact with this boy. I remember his Mother, sister Becky Goff, when she used to dress these little tots up, so neat and so tidy, and bring them out and show them off. What a fine little family she felt that she had. And I remember them as they grew up to young manhood and young womanhood, and how proud she was of them. And then they were left without a Mother, and the Father had to make his way with them alone.

I remember that from time to time these two boys were called out to different places to work. They were pleasant boys and everybody loved them. They were full of hope and joy, loved pleasure, different types of

pleasure, and they at times did things as other boys did that was not the right thing. They recognized that fact and because of fairness they felt that they were unworthy sometimes.

We are not all given the same opportunities. That is one thing that I want to bring out. Some have had opportunities others haven't had. I had the opportunity of going into the Mission Field, which helped me to express myself before my fellowmen. It helped me to find my God, to live and understand the things that I had in store for me. It helped me to love my fellowmen, gave me a love for boys and girls.

I have conversed with this boy, from time to time, in close contact. I have felt his Spirit, and I know he has a splendid spirit. He lived his life from day to day for others, and I want to tell you, Brothers and Sisters, that I know that he would be alive today, had it not been for the love that he had for his family, and the efforts that he put forth to maintain a living, in that smelter. There they went to the bottom of the earth and they filled their lungs with arsenic, and it destroyed their ability to live and act as they should do, and there they gave their very life's blood for their loved ones--because they wanted to.

This makes the 29th man, as I have counted, in the department in which he worked, 95% have died young men, and so you know that when boys go into places like that to help to make a living, and get material out for our Nation, you know that these boys are making a sacrifice. They may not know it at the time, but they are. When I have been there on different occasions, I have conversed with this boy and his brother, and I know what those boys are and know that their hearts are right.

I have a brother here. The only brother I have left out of nine of us. I have two sisters, one of them left. I know what it is to meet this thing, and that brother that I have here hasn't had the opportunities I have had, but I believe he is a better man than I am. I think he has done more for this man and wife than I will ever do. You know, the Master says that this is true religion, to visit the widows and children in their afflictions.

Now, the Bishop told me we weren't to take too much time. There are a lot of things I would like to say, but there is one or two things that I want to say--they are hard facts.

I had a man tell me there was no provision made for the widows and children in the Doctrine and Covenants, a man in high standing, but if you will read Section 83 of the Doctrine and Covenants, you will find that the Lord has made provision for widows and children. He says that when a man and woman become man and wife, that the woman has claim upon her husband for their maintenance, and when that man is taken, she has claim upon the Church or upon the storehouse of the Church.

He has made provision in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latterday Saints. He has made provision in this Church that you pay one-tenth of your earnings, because the storehouse is kept up by the tithe of the Church.

If you tie the hands of this Bishop so that he is unable to help this widow and care for these children, you have not fulfilled your mission as Latterday Saints.

Maybe that is a hard thing to say. Maybe you do not like to face it. There are many things that I do not like to face, but have to face them. I don't like to face death, neither did this good woman like to face it. It is hard for her to lay away her husband, but it cannot be helped. It is one of the things in the progress of man, just as essential as birth, and so it comes to us all.

And now, let me read you just another little poem, and then I will close and let the Bishop take the rest of the time.

"THE GUY IN THE GLASS

When you get what you want in your struggle for
silver and gold
And the world makes you king for a day.
Then go to the mirror and look at yourself
And see what that guy has to say.

Now I can't help this man. He has made his record and has lived his life, and I am very grateful that I have known him. He is not going to be judged by mankind, but he is going up before a just Judge. He will know what is coming to him. He will not ask for much but will be grateful for what he has earned, because he has earned a wonderful amount.

May the Lord bless you Sister Bateman, and your children. Give you courage, comfort and power to endure the trials that are your's. May your friends rally round, with kind words and good advice, and may you be provided with things that are necessary to carry on.

God bless these children, and help them to help their Mother to bear up under these trials. She is helpless without your help, and you can help her most by living in that way that will bring her joy and happiness, and may you be able to do it, I pray in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Violin Solo:

(Miss Carlquist from the Draper Ward)

Speaker:

(Bishop Henry Beckstead)

What a blessing it is my Brethern and Sisters to be born of goodly parents and taught the true order of prayer and a love for service to our fellowmen. If we were to pass this congregation into Paradise, the place where this Spirit will dwell for a short time, I don't believe we would enjoy a more heavenly spirit, nor feel any more happy, than we do here today. Indeed, it is a pleasure to meet in the House of God and enjoy his Spirit, although this occasion is a sad one.

Brother Bateman was an honest man. He was a man who loved God. His family believe in the teachings of the Christ and those words in Matthew, when he told his Apostles to pray-- "Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name."

Brother Bateman has told me many times that he did owe a whole lot to his wife for calling family prayers, and teaching the children to love God. Brother Bateman's mother taught him the same great truths and principles.

I have known Brother Bateman practically all of my life. When a boy, he was a real boy, and I don't believe God even placed his Son on the earth and expected him to walk in that straight and narrow path, and never taste of the things of life.

I love a man whom I associate with. A man who loves God and lives his religion every day of his life, and not just on Sunday. I don't love a polished man, nor a polished woman, and I don't believe God does. It is true that the Lord doesn't want us to sin and make too many mistakes. When we make a few mistakes we should repent. That is the way we advance, and if a man has never been tried in this life and tasted of a little sin, I don't believe he will be of much worth on the other side.

This is a life of experience. A life of sacrifice. Ever since this Ward has been divided, there hasn't been one year that I have closed the Ward records, but what Brother Bateman's family have been an honest tithe-paying family. Now God knows that. I don't believe there is one family in the Ward that, according to their means, gave more or offered more for the building of this Ward House, than the family of Brother Bateman.

We built this building by the Priesthood turning out at night. This man would come down, we all knew he wasn't well, but he was always on the job, doing his bit. Now that is greatness, that is faith, to do those kind of things.

Sister Sophie was the first Relief Society President of the Second Ward. I well remember when we went to her home, Bert was just as overjoyed as she, for his wife to render service. She never could have filled that mission if she hadn't had the cooperation and support of Brother Bateman.

Brother Bateman was a man who couldn't get up before the public, but was willing to go out and hoe the corn, pleased to do anything that he could. I don't believe that you can

go anywhere in the community and find one man who is an enemy. He has many friends among men with whom he associated and in our Ward.

Many a time when I talked to Bert, I told him he should give up his work and stay home. Some of his good workers would get him in the morning and Bert would take the wheel and drive the truck all day, and at night they would take him home. Many times when he became so bad, they would even take him home in the afternoon.

He had a lot of friends and they were all willing to help Brother and Sister Bateman. You can't get many friends unless you want to be a friend yourself. That is what Brother Bateman was.

He and Sister Sophie and their family, as I have said, have been a real Latterday Saint family. We all could do better, every man and woman, according to the circumstances in which he has been placed in life. If a man has spent his time in the smelter or on the farm or laboring gaining a livelihood, and if a man hasn't had an opportunity to fill a mission or hold offices of responsibility and gain greater knowledge, I believe God will judge every man according to the opportunities that have come into his life, and I pray Brothers and Sisters that we may all be blessed as Brother Bateman, to go unto the Lord.

Death is, indeed, a blessing to the body. According to the Prophets of God, this man is not dead. And we believe that the Soul will be returned to the body and the body to the Soul, and every limb and every joint to its place. Not a hair of the head shall be lost. And when the trumpet shall sound, the resurrected Souls shall come forth and receive a degree of glory according to the judgment of God our Eternal Father.

That is the word of a Prophet of God, and if there is no Soul death to those who love God, and if we live according to the teachings of Jesus Christ, and our body becomes so weak that it cannot care for itself and is worn out, death is indeed a blessing.

I have been called several times to administer to Brother Bateman, in the hospital and at home. Shortly before he passed away I was there, called to give him a blessing, the

last words I believe he ever uttered, "Bishop I would like to live, but I am so tired. Please give me a blessing."

And you Brethern who have had the opportunity to bless those who are sick, you can feel the Spirit of God, and his Spirit was resting there. I could feel that Brother Bateman would soon return home to meet his God.

And Brothers and Sisters there are many things that I would like to touch upon, but it is so warm that I don't believe it would be wisdom to carry these services any longer. But to us, let us be real Latterday Saints, let us serve God. I believe that Sister Sophie Bateman has come from a family of real Latterday Saints, although they don't live here. I believe that they have been taught to love their maker the same as we.

So may God's choicest blessings enter into the home of Brother Bateman, that they will be happy and secure, and be guided all the rest of their lives by the Spirit of our Heavenly Father, I pray humbly, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Brothers and Sisters I would like to thank you all for kindness shown to this family during sickness and distress, and for the beautiful floral offerings and your presence here today. The family appreciate it and extend their gratitude and thanks to you all.

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DUET:

(Brother Brown and wife)

"GOING HOME."

Benediction:
(Brother Evans.)

Our Heavenly and Eternal Father, we come before Thee at the closing of these services, with thankful hearts for Thy Spirit that has been with us this afternoon. We thank Thee for the good words that have been spoken and pray that we may all be able to profit by them.

We pray Thy blessings on Sister Bateman and family. In as much as she has a double responsibility, may she be made strong to take care of her family.

We pray thee to comfort Brother Bateman's Father, in as much as he is getting up in years, give him strength and understanding, both he and Sister Bateman.

We thank Thee for the knowledge and blessings that Thou hast blessed us with, to help us to go through these tribulations.

Be with us at all times, and on our way to the cemetery we pray that Thy watchful care may be with us, that no harm or accident will befall us, and that we may return to our homes in safety.

Be with us and bless us at all times, we pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Dedication of Grave:
(Brother William J. Kunz
Father-in-Law of Brother Bateman)

Our Father who art in Heaven, we Thy servants have gathered unto to Thee to lay away the body of our dear Brother. And we dedicate this grave as a final resting place for this body, protect it and preserve it, until the morning of the Resurrection, and then call it forth, to be united with the Spirit and become a living Soul.

Unto this end, we dedicate it, in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

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Interment in the Midvale City Cemetery.

Alberto Wilbur Bateman

MIDVALE — Alberto (Bert) Wilbur Bateman, 52, of 175 South Holden street, Midvale, employe of the Midvale city streets department, died Friday afternoon at his home of myocarditis. He had lived in Midvale for 42 years.

Mr. Bateman was born in West Jordan, December 14, 1888, a son of Alberto and Rebecca Goff Bateman.

He is survived by his father; his stepmother, Mrs. Adella M. Bateman; his widow, Mrs. Sophie Kunz Bateman; a son, Duane Bateman; six daughters, Mrs. June Black of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Ruth Beck of Riverton, and Loa, Dawn, Joyce and Janyce Bateman of Midvale; a brother, Howard



Mr. Bateman

A. Bateman of Salt Lake City; four sisters, Mrs. Maud Egbert of Park City, Mrs. Detta Wells of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Ann Hall of Pasadena, Calif., and Mrs. Lillian Cooper of Tulsa, Okla.; and two grandchildren.

ALBERT WILBUR BATEMAN

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Funeral services were held Tuesday at 2 p. m. in the Midvale Second ward chapel, Bishop Henry Beckstead officiating, and interment was in the Midvale cemetery under the directions of the C. I. Goff & Son mortuary.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all those who so kindly assisted us in our recent bereavement in the loss of beloved husband and father, Bert Bateman. Also for the many beautiful floral offerings, music, words of comfort and proffers of cars.
Mrs. Bert Bateman and family.



Family Record

NAME	BORN	DIED
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<i>Albert W. Bateman</i>	<i>Dec 14, 1888</i>	<i>Aug 1, 1941</i>
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FATHER	BORN	DIED
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<i>Albert Bateman</i>	<i>Nov 8,</i>	
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MOTHER	BORN	DIED
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<i>Rebecca Giff</i>	<i>Dec 4</i>	<i>Sept 1</i>
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FATHER'S FATHER	BORN	DIED
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<i>Samuel Bateman</i>		
-----------------------	--	--

FATHER'S MOTHER	BORN	DIED
-----------------	------	------

<i>Meximtha Allen</i>		
-----------------------	--	--

MOTHER'S FATHER	BORN	DIED
-----------------	------	------

<i>Isaac Giff</i>		
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MOTHER'S MOTHER	BORN	DIED
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<i>Ann Lisam</i>		
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MARRIED TO

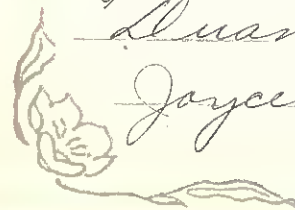
<i>Sophie O. Kunz</i>

CHILDREN

<i>June, Ruth, Lea,</i>

<i>Luane, Dawn,</i>

<i>Joyce, Janyce</i>





Services

HELD AT Midvale 2nd Ward Chapel

Midvale, Utah.

DATE-HOUR Aug. 5, 1941 at Two P.M.

CLERGYMAN

Bishop Henry Beckstead

INTERMENT

CEMETERY Midvale

SECTION-BLOCK-LOT _____

CITY Midvale

COUNTY Salt Lake

STATE Utah

LAI D TO REST

HOUR-DAY-MONTH-YEAR Four O'Clock P.M.

Tuesday Aug. 5, 1941



Memories

Dedicated To Those Who Mourn
And The God Of All Comfort

And God shall wipe away
all tears from their eyes
and death shall be no more,
nor mourning, nor crying,
nor sorrow shall be any
more, for the former things
are passed away.

Apocalypse 21:4





Personal Record

NAME Albert Hilbur Bateman

BIRTH PLACE West Jordan, Utah

DATE OF BIRTH Dec. 14, 1888

DECEASED

DATE August 1, 1941

PLACE Midvale, Utah

AGE

YEARS-MONTHS-DAYS

Fifty two yrs
seven months
Eighteen days



Sermon Notes



Music

SPECIAL SONG SELECTIONS

RENDERED BY

Singing Mothers

O My Father

RENDERED BY

Clark Hall

In The Garden

RENDERED BY

Miss Carlquist

Violin Solo

RENDERED BY

Mr and Mrs Brown

Going Home.



Bearers

Willard R. Kunz
Alb. Jensen
Ezra Bateman
Milo Baxter
Law Steadman
Jess. A. Buhler





Relatives Attending

Vera Van Horne
Lois Van Horne
LeGrand Black
Quane Bateman
Egan Bateman.
Mr + Mrs E. L. Keeney
Loyal Kunz
Rae Bateman
Virginia Duhler
Ella Bateman
H. W. Bateman
Leta & Lola Mae Bateman.
Bebra Kunz
Seymour Kunz
Anona R. Egan



Relatives Attending

Am J. Kunz
Emma S. Kunz
Robert Schmid
Nellie C. Schmid
Mr + Mrs Louis Eschler
Mr + Mrs Vatio Thomas
Mr + Mrs Elmer Jensen
Sylvia Kunz
Betty Eschler
Dorothy L. Mariano





Friends Who Called

Arthur Hall.

Idora Hall.

Russell Ray

Zelda Goff Whitaker

Ellen Parker.

Alvin Ligny &

Clark Hall

Mrs & Mr Earl Jenkins

C. J. Peckham

Mr & Mrs C. D. Goff

E. M. Bateman

Leona Jenkins

Edna Jenkins

Anna Jenkins

Jannye Bateman



Friends Who Called

Jo Ann Balk

Kresh & Jurcich

Miss Henry Eglert.

Mrs Raymond Nelson

Mrs Londa Beckstead.

Mr & Mrs O. S. Johnson

John A. Aylett

Millie Christopherson

Mary Hunter

Arthur A. Larson

Cora M. Belich

Myrtle Larson

Thannah Harper

Emma Jenkins

Mary. B. Jenkins





Friends Who Called

Pearl Reading
 Vera H. Lunn
 Christina L. Lennberg
 Effie Hobbs
 Iris B. Searle
 Glenda Butler
 Willis Steadman
 Lawrence Steadman
 Pella Steadman
 Lew Steadman
 Vera Nielsen
 LaVang Douglass
 Mr + Mrs B A Rasmussen
 Mr + Mrs Russell L. Kung
 Mr & Mrs Jesse Buhler



Friends Who Called

Mrs. Maida M. Wahl.
 Miss Anna Mangum
 Mrs Vesta Mangum
 Martha Brown
 Mrs Mr Arnold Soderberg
 H F Rasmussen
 Mrs W W Mutch
 Mrs Kenneth C. Hardle
 Mrs Hulma Anderson
 Mrs Alice Wallgren
 Albert A. Hanson.
 Edvinia A. Buckley
 Melvin Buhler
 Minoa Aldredge
 Fina Stewart





Friends Who Called

Mar Jean Bunker
 Joe Keith Bunker
 Mrs J. M. Warner.
 Bill Presler
 Mrs George Thompson
 Hilma Bunker
 Mrs John Jones
 Clarence Cushing.
 Mrs Bertha Cushing
 Ruth Greensides
 Norma Smith
 Dale Smith
 Mr Mrs G. " " "
 Verna Bishop
 Lyle Miller



Friends Who Called

Mr + Mrs Melvin Ling
 Emma Coats Perkins
 Mrs Nick Petrich
 Mrs Sony Petrich
 Mrs Margaret Jones
 Mr + Mrs Horace Jenkins
 Mr + Mrs Evan Nelson
 Mrs G. J. Stuart
 Mrs Presler & William
 Lizzie Wallace
 Willis Steadman
 Mr. + Mrs S. E. Walstrom & Melvin
 Mr. and Mrs. Orin Black
 Mr. + Mrs. Christen Jensen
 Melissa B. Horvick





Friends Who Called

Alice L. Bateman
 Lodema Jensen
 Edna Glover
 Mrs. D. F. Dahl
 Mr. & Mrs. Earl Dunn
 Mrs. Roxella Crawford
 Clara Radovich
 Mrs. Herbert L. Peterson
 Mr. & Mrs. Garley G. Dorson
 Mr. & Mrs. R. S. Fulton
 David H. Evans
 Mrs. Edna Christanson
 Mrs. Susie Alexander
 Mrs. Irene Lewis
 Mrs. Lora Bateman



Friends Who Called

Mrs. Virginia Anderson
 Mrs. Lois Fay
 Beatrice May Jenkins
 Mr. & Mrs. D. LeRoy Bateman
 Mr. & Mrs. Briggs
 Mrs. Iwan Haft
 Mrs. & Mr. E. Jenkins
 Mrs. Bess Stadman
 Mrs. Edna Stadman
 M. B. Bitterfield
 Mr. & Mrs. Bert Hyatt
 Mr. & Mrs. Wm. C. Bateman
 Maurine Wood
 LaVon Bateman
 Elaine Payzant





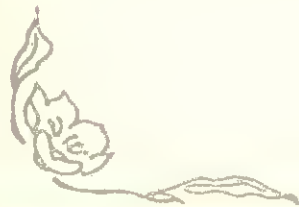
Friends Who Called

Mrs Alice Sorenson
 Mrs Kathryn Chamberlain
 Mrs Wendel Christensen
 Mrs Al Shulken
 Ivon Perinich
 Gross Bateman
 Mr & Mrs A H Dansie
 Owen Florence Theuma & Chilton
 Jesse Dansie
 Melissa Smith
 Mrs. Dore
 Mrs. Lane
 Mrs Miss Batten
 Mr Miss Batten
 Leah Batten Higgs



Friends Who Called

Mrs. Nick Sokas & Daughter
 Mrs. Lancaster
 Mr & Mrs Along Buckley
 Lucine & Hubert Evans
 Datto Wells
 Mrs P. T. Bateman
 Evelyn Spratling
 Mrs A. J. McEiff
 Mrs Pearl Jenkins
 Mr. Miner
 Roy Gosman
 Bertrice Gosman
 Mr & Mrs J J Bukler
 Virginia Bukler



BELOVED
DADDY